

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1911.

Shooting Lions and Tigers Within the City Limits by Flame Light

Never, Perhaps, in the World's History Was There Such Notable "Hunting" as Was Sadly Performed by Trainers at Dreamland to Keep Animals from Perishing in Fire or Escaping to Become a Peril.

"W" HY, Joe, your fortune's made. Then papers goes all over the United States. Every-where, wherever you go, you can show it to 'em that you're Joseph G. Ferrari an' these is the lions that was through the Dreamland—the Dreamland—what-cherma-come!" The big manager sat thoughtful for a while. Then he slapped his knees, grinning a grin of professional pride. "Massacre!" he exclaimed. "The Coney Island Massacre! That'll fetch 'em."

But "Joe" shook his head, not at all like a man whose fortune was made. "What's the matter?" the manager demanded. "That's a good sensational word, ain't it, 'massacre'?" "Joe" shook his head again.

"That's what it was, Vic," he said slowly. "It was a massacre. Let's forget it for a while."

No wonder Joseph Ferrari wants to forget it. The Dreamland fire has made him a famous showman. The story of that wild half hour while the flames were going through the animal house, so far as the story has been told at all, has caught the attention of hundreds of thousands. But the work he had to do, shut in there with the fire and his maddened lions and tigers, would strain the nerves of a butcher. What was the true story of the Dreamland fire, after all?

Dreamland was closed for the night of May 26. The gates were shut and the crowd had gone home. A light or two burned red and low; the great pale palaces towered dim and lovely in the twilight; the water lay smooth in the lagoon, reflecting the graceful shapes of the bridges; workmen were busy still in one of the dark buildings, but the sound of their tools was only heard now and then, dulled and distant, and the quiet was filled with the show, eternal swash of the sea upon the beach. Dreamland, seen so, was indeed a place of dreams.

NIGHT IN THE ARENA.

Even the broad, misshapen animal house seemed hardly more substantial. That too might have been a dream. Chief, the big bloodhound, slept with his muzzle thrust through the high iron bars of the arena; the monkeys sat in sleek rows on their perches, like chickens, with cows of tails hanging straight and limp under them. The hyenas were awake and pacing slowly in their cages. The half light hardly showed their hideous shapes. Hip, the little elephant, stood humped forward, with his ears drooping and his trunk unwound. Three sides of the broad, sandst covered floor were faced with barred cages where savage life was sleeping, yet there was hardly a sound. A great head would roll majestically with a sigh, and a sigh would come in answer and the twitch of a nervous, tufted tail.

So it was that "Joe" Ferrari left his charges when he went to bed in his blue and gold sleeping wagon at the entrance to the animal house. The trainers and the other people of the show were asleep upstairs, in the building itself. The next day, being Saturday, would be a hard one, and it was well to get a good night's sleep.

A beating gong and the sound of galloping hoofs gave the alarm. A moving red light played on the ceiling of the wagon, and the showman flung himself out through the door. Before him the great graceful tower blushed rosily from top to bottom. An angry light poured over the lagoon and etched out its sweeping bridges. A barefooted woman, her hair flying, a blanket clutched in the hollow of her arm, ran down the steps of the baby incubator building, then stopped and stood calmly waiting there in the growing light. The plaster mouth of "Hell Gate" was belching flames in hot, panting gusts. Engines were coming shrieking. The dream land had awakened—awakened to an awful, red reality.

ONE DESIGN—TO SAVE "STUFF."

Ferrari sent his wife and his little girl hurrying to the street. His helpers were awake already. They did not stop for their belongings; they had only one thing to do—to save "the stuff." Any animal, from a parrot to a tigress, is "stuff" to an animal trainer.

With his own hands Ferrari led Chief, the bloodhound, into the street and tied him there. "Jack" Bonavita made straight for little Marguerite. Marguerite is not yet ten months old, and she is as charming and good natured a lion cub as can be found. "Jack" opened her cage with his right hand—a lion took off the left; a year or so ago—and led her through the long passage and the arena and out to the street. Dwey, her playfellow, a little brown terrier who had lived with her since her earliest cubhood, followed them joyfully.

The smoke was thick outside, and it was beginning to work in through the open doors. Ferrari had turned on the lights, and that had awakened most of the animals. Growls, whimpers, an occasional unquiet roar, a stir and patter of muffed footfalls, made the brightly lit hall a sinister place.

They sent Riverio for one of the shifting boxes—big Riverio, a giant of a trainer, whose trick is to handle ten lions alone in the arena, who lost half his scalp to Black Prince not two weeks ago and has been "on" twice a day ever since, with his head in a bandage. He strode through the banging, splashing, yelling clamor of Dreamland with the two hundred-pound cage on his shoulder and flung it down on end in the sawdust by the arena. Then he laid his hands on the two sides of it and cried like an old, begging "Jack" Bonavita to tell him what to do next.

Ferrari was with two men in the runway. It encircled the building between the cages and the outer wall, a passage perhaps three feet wide, opening at each end into the barred arena and passing

below the entrance by a tunnel. Each cage opened into it by an iron door, so arranged that when it swung open it blocked the passage in one direction, but left it open on the side toward the arena.

One by one the men opened the doors, and then with crowbars ripped them from their hinges. The animals, uneasy at being awakened, stared at them sullenly and slunk in the front of the cages. Suddenly the lights went out.

The roar that went up was heard outside in the avenue. The beasts were angry now, as well as sullen. Through the howling, bellowing tumult the unholy laugh of the hyenas cut like a knife. There were swift, padded footfalls in the dark of the runway, but the men there could not tell which of the creatures were out.

They groped through the dark to the door of the cage of Victoria, oldest and gentlest of lionesses, the mother of four of the best trained performers in the show, and soon to become a mother again. She lifted a massive head, which showed against a vague light outside, and then stretched herself again, as if to sleep. They shouted to the men outside to prod her through the bars and make her move.

CLAWS TEARING AT BARS.

Close to her was the cage where two hybrids, part lion, part jaguar and leopard, were locked. They were snarling in the darkness, and as the men went past they heard a spring and the sound of a body striking the door, and unheated claws tearing at the iron. The monkeys were squealing and chattering, bounding from side to side of their cage, and over all the noise they could still hear the abominable yelling of the hyenas.

Out in the hall Bonavita and the others went from cage to cage with goods, providing the lions and leopards to drive them out into the passage. One by one the creatures crept through the passage into the arena. Something they had seen had taken the spirit out of them. They went with heads down, dazed, slinking, ready to wheel and fight at any instant.

The men brought a shifting box and laid its mouth to the narrow barred gate of the arena. Riverio, still shaking and unnerved, mounted it and drew open the gate and the men reached through the bars with their poles and drove two lionesses into it. Riverio let the gate fall and closed the box.

That instant a window broke far up near the ceiling, and as the glass tinkled down the flames came crackling in. All

the terrifying tumult stopped and the animal house was as still as death. Ferrari and his men came out of the passage into the arena, where a dozen of the huge cats were cowering against the bars.

A low, dark body slipped out of the passage on the opposite side of the arena. There was a spring and a cry. Poor old Victoria was down struggling and Black Prince had her by the throat.

SACRIFICING BLACK PRINCE.

Ferrari strode across the arena, stepping over the cowering creature. A white jet of fire leaped from his revolver and the shot left a stunned silence after it. Black Prince struggled, roared and died.

"Get another box here," the showman said, directing his men under the burning roof, with his wild beasts around him, as if a performance were about to begin. "Get Victoria into a bigger cage as soon as you can."

Then with his men he went into the black passage from which the lion had just sprung. Three of the leopards had been overlooked, and the leopards were the most treacherous—and the most valuable—of the precious "stuff." The fire had eaten down from the roof, and as they opened the leopards' door the sparks fell around them. The leopards were slipping from side to side of their cage, lashing their tails and snarling, and nipping at one another at times, and eying the fire. The men outside went eying the fire. The leopards came at them with the goods. The leopards wheeled, striking with their claws, and then sprang out through light in the animal house. The fire spread across the ceiling and sparks and stripes of burning bunting dropped and started little prairie fires in the sawdust. Smoke was growing thick. In the cages there were only low forms and round eyes, eyes that stared and stared, helpless, in dumb brute horror of the fire. The group of great cats in the arena were not even whimpering now. Sometimes Hip, the elephant, would trumpet dolefully. The place was growing hot.

A sudden uproar of howls, scuffling and screams of pain and wrath came

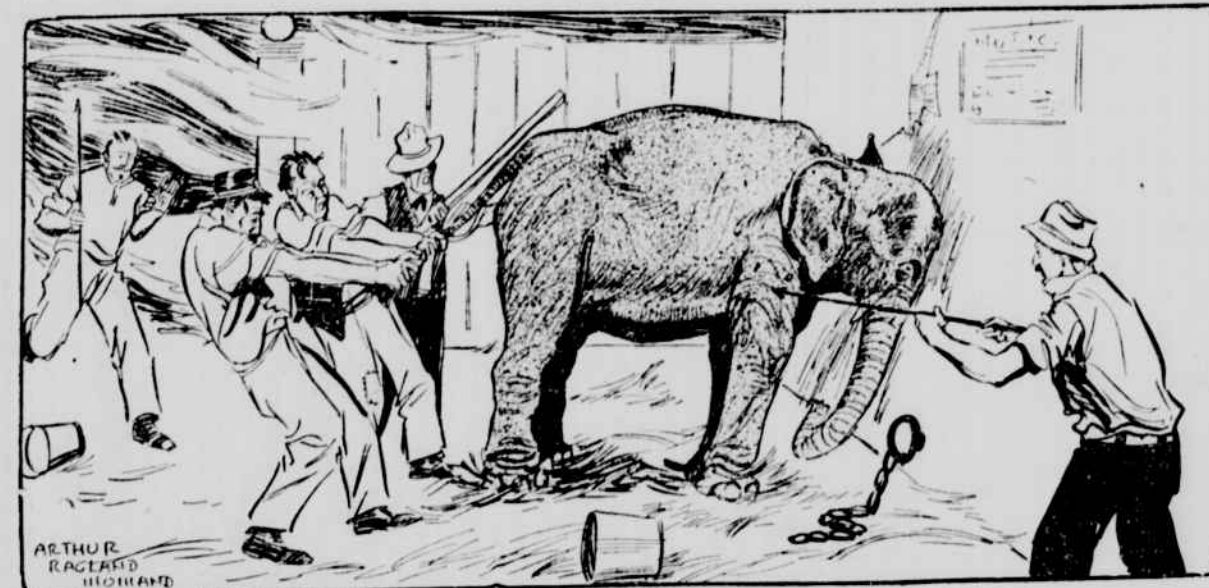


SULTAN MET HIS DEATH ON A TURRET.

The gray old lion burst through a burning wall and fled with his mane on fire up the track of a scenic railway. Bullet after bullet struck him, but he gained an open tower, where he was brained with an axe, by a policeman, before he could leap upon his pursuers.



THE TIGERS AND OTHER BIG CATS WERE SHOT IN THEIR CAGES TO SPARE THEM A LINGERING DEATH BY THE FLAMES. Captain "Jack" Bonavita gave them a merciful release with his heavy revolver, aiming by the light of the burning walls.



HIP, THE YOUNG ELEPHANT, WOULD NOT STIR.

Five men could not move him, and he stood trumpeting with his head against a wall until the flames overcame him.

hollow and loud from the runway. Ferrari pressed toward it. He could see nothing but a dark heap of writhing, clawing figures close to him. He fired into the melee. There were yells of pain and a wild stampede.

The men outside saw a panic of twisting figures come tumbling out of the passage, and then the whole barred arena seemed to be filled with a fighting mass. Close behind the creatures came Ferrari. He saw what had happened. By some mistake the two hybrid lions had been turned out, and they had thrown themselves upon the leopards.

A flag fell from the high ceiling and caught on the arena bars. As the fire ran up it, it lit up the whole place, and the fighting creatures stopped, cowed at the sight. Ferrari threw up his revolver and fired quickly. One of the hybrids died in its tracks. The other slunk for the dark runway. A leopard, bleeding from a wound in the shoulder, sprang in its face, and the two rolled over, grappled together. One bullet struck them both. The leopard still struggled, trying to crawl away on three

legs and another shot laid him limp. The fire was through the back wall now, and burning in the runway itself. The smoke was thick and black. There was nothing more to do but save the remaining creatures that were in the arena. One by one the terrified beasts were prodded into the cages and carried out into the street where two wagon cages in which they travel "on the road" from town to town were ready for them.

All Dreamland was on fire now. The tower was a torch, to be seen from Manhattan and far out at sea. Gene Brunette, the seventeen-year-old cage cleaner, was hunting for another shifting box and holding his hat to his face to keep off the heat, when it suddenly occurred to him that some of the people might still be upstairs in the burning animal house. He ran inside to see. There was fire on the second floor, and only one flight of stairs led to the floor above. But that was where the sleeping rooms were, and up he went. One door after another he threw open, and found nothing but open trunks and dis-

ordered bedclothes. Then, the last door of all he found locked.

He beat on it and shouted, but got no answer. Finally he put his back against the wall and drove his boot against the lock. A young man was sleeping on his back on the bed, with his mouth wide open and sparks dropping through the window into his new straw hat. He did not wake for Gene's knocking, nor for his shouts. When the young trainer had pounded him and finally rolled him bodily out on to the floor, he sat up at last with a growl.

"Go 'long off. Lemme sleep," he muttered.

It took a pitcher of water emptied over his seated form and a brisk tug at the back hair to bring him to a realization of how matters stood. The young man put on his trousers on the upper stairs and had them nearly singed off on the lower, for the banisters were burning and the smoke was so thick that the two boys fell against them.

"Laddie," the strong little "talking horse," lost his head completely and stood shivering in his stall with his

It Was a Terrible Night in the Arena Building—A Night Whose Scenes the Observers, Familiar as They Were with Dealing with Monarchs of Forest and Jungle, Will Remember the Rest of Their Lives.

head down. They led him out through a passageway, but when he came to the stairs where he could see the fire he balked and would not budge a step. Ferrari, his own master, took him about the middle and picked him up bodily. He cannot tell how he did it to this day, but his men who were there saw him carry the little beast up the stairs in his arms and set him down on the sawdust.

Ricardo, another trainer, who worked with the five leopards, had been with Ferrari in the runway and had followed him when he shot the hybrids. He snatched a moment to run to the police station and see if his wife had got off safely with little Josie, who is not yet eleven months old.

Now, Mrs. Ricardo is a trainer herself and as "Mme. André Pauline, the Lady of Lions," she handled four lionesses in the daily show. But when she saw her husband come in, bleeding through his coat where a fighting leopard had clawed his shoulder, she went off in as feminine a fit of hysterics as the most home-loving anti-suffragist would wish to see. Her husband calmed her somewhat, and then slipped away quietly and went back to the animal house.

FERRARI SAVES "LADDIE."

When Ferrari came out, leading Laddie blindfold past the burning entrance of the building, he came upon an excited group, of which three policemen and a screaming woman formed the centre. The Lady of Lions, turned into a raving madwoman, was fighting with teeth and feet and nails and shrieking in blood curdling Venetian:

"Don't go back there! Don't go back there!"

The three policemen finally pinioned her arms and carried her between them up the steps and into the police station and held her on a table while Mrs. Ferrari brought little Josie to comfort her.

The animal house was burning over all the roof by this time, and inside the smoke was too thick to see across the place. Riverio came out with his two arms full of shivering monkeys and poured them into a shifting box. They were the last creatures that were saved from the building.

"We'll make one more try for Hip, boys," Ferrari said, and led four of his men up the reeking passage to where the little elephant stood trumpeting, with his head against the wall.

Twice before the men had tried to move Hip, but, though he was unshackled and not two rods from the

the barred arena collapsed with a rush of fire.

Outside the heat had driven the firemen out of Dreamland. The great tower was tottering to its fall. The back of the animal house was almost gone. Blistered and sore, their wrists aching from the wrenching of the revolvers, Ferrari and Bonavita gathered the boxes and cages in the streets across Surf avenue where there was shelter from the heat.

A shout went up from the crowd, which was pressing upon the fire lines. A black leopard had rushed into sight from behind the animal house. He threw up his head, turned and rushed toward the sea. They saw him reach the sand. Then he stopped, whirled twice around, throwing up his fore feet in pain, and fell flat. A policeman cautiously emptied his revolver into the body, and then kicked it with his foot. The beast was dead. One of the firemen's streams fell on it after a time, and it was washed into the sea.

There was another shout and a scattering of the crowd. A lion came tearing through the smoke that filled the burning "Creation" entrance. He ran uncertainly, and sparks were glowing in his blackened mane. He had the street to himself as he crossed the roadway and leaped into the dark building of a scenic railway, the "Rocky Road to Dublin."

Joseph Haynes, a policeman, shot at him as he entered the place. The lion wheeled and faced him, and Haynes fired again. The bullet missed the lion, but it whizzed by the head of William Hyde, one of the men of the railway, who was coming down the track which the lion had begun to ascend.

TUSSELE WITH A LION.

He shouted to stop the shooting. The lion was still glowing in his mane, and the blood dripped from his paws through the boards upon the men below. Haynes saw him over the back of the car and shot him again.

The poor beast was marked by the fire which was still glowing in his mane, and the blood dripped from his paws through the boards upon the men below. Haynes saw him over the back of the car and shot him again.

The lion turned and crept away, bleeding in a dozen places. He dragged himself up two steep dips in the track, and then, whimpering, dragged himself into a hole by the side of the track.

It led under one of the turrets which flank the entrance to the railway, a mere cubby hole, six feet broad and perhaps three feet high. Haynes stood at the entrance and fired his last shot. Then, when another policeman had come up with an axe, he climbed outside into the turret and ripped up the light flooring.

The lion was not dead, as he seemed. He struggled, got one bloodsoaked paw on the broken boards, then the other, then in a death agony dragged his body up through the opening and laid his head on the stucco battlement, where he looked out on the great fire below him. Haynes brought the axe down and split his skull.

They rolled the singed, bleeding body off the turret and left it in the street. There the crowd pulled out the claws and the teeth for souvenirs, and the body itself was taken away and buried. They took another lion's skin and stuffed it and showed it next day as Sultan's—it was Sultan who met his death in the tower—and charged to cents a head for the privilege.

WONDERFUL FINANCIERS.

Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth financier, was talking about New York office boys who, working for brokers, speculated on the tips they picked up and accumulated fortunes of \$30,000, \$40,000 and \$50,000.

"The twentieth century office boy is a wonderful creation," said Mr. McWade, admiringly. "He is so clever, so daring, and, above all, so honest."

"A few years ago I had an office boy named Jasper. One day I sent Jasper out to buy me a postcard. I have never seen him since."

"But, sir, you don't call that honest," cried the reporter.

"Yes—listen," said Mr. McWade. "Last month I received a postcard containing these words:—"

"Dear Sir—Here is your postcard. I started speculating with the penny you gave me to buy it, and am now worth \$47,000. Thank you!"

MUST HAVE BEEN.

Miss Leonora O'Reilly in a suffrage address in New York said:

"The more intelligent a man is the more respect he has, I find, for the intelligence of woman. Intelligent men hesitate to say that women are their mental inferiors. But stupid men—dear me!"

Miss O'Reilly smiled.

"The conceit of the stupid man reminds me of 'Sandy' McPherson. 'Sandy' in a Peebles public house, told an Englishman that all the great poets were Scotch."

"But how about Shakespeare?" cried the Englishman. "Can you say he was Scotch?"

"His talents," was the reply, "would justify that supposition."

FACT AND FANCY.

Many a man cooks his own goose in the heat of passion.

Every tailor knows a lot of promising young men.

Where there's a will there's a way to break it.